

THE HUMAN

goes to its typewriter
and works it
and seems to be
enjoying itself

a human admits to itself
it has nothing new to say
to other humans
yet it continues
working its typewriter

why does it do this?
it thinks to itself that
working its typewriter
saves its life

it's not sure about this
it's not sure about anything
sometimes it thinks it's very sure
about some things

but
it never is honestly totally
sure about anything
the human stops typing

looks to its left
at a turquoise discus fish
swimming about in a 12 gallon tank
"bah ... jesus christ ... I feel pretty
good right now ..."

the human
says to itself

WHAT'S

best
is leaving
folks alone

all of'em
& doing
your
work

if your work is
alive
you'll have
plenty of
folks in
your

life

— Steve Richmond

Santa Monica CA

SOMETIMES IT TAKES 5 YEARS

one life snuffed
he was in his 30s & Jewish
aware articulate & dangerous
you cannot hip the suckers & live
he went from 60 grand a year to 5
San Francisco was the only city
where he could work
& a satirist must be able
to sharpen his blade
19 arrests in 5 years
& then he was dead